



"My Daddy's over there"



*Time to Re-tire?* BUY  
**FISK**

—the sum total of tire com-  
fort and mileage. Strong,  
Resilient, Good looking. All  
that tires can give in satis-  
faction and attractiveness.

MADE IN ALL TREADS, INCLUDING  
THE FAMOUS FISK NON-SKID

AN IDEAL DECORATION FOR NURSERY OR PLAYROOM—a reproduction in  
fourteen colors of the upper section of this advertisement, from the original  
painting by Jessie Wilcox Smith, will be sent without charge upon re-  
quest. Address Dept. F, The Fisk Rubber Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass.



## The Biggest Thing in Motoring History of The Last Year

You speak of the growth of the automobile as a romance. Words fail to describe the size or swiftness of its increase.

In a generation, it has revolutionized transportation. It has changed national habits. It ranks third in all our industries.

Now in our time of war it has taken a tremendous burden of transport, speeding the nation's work a thousand fold.

The greatest growth of the motor car industry came in 1917. In the last year the number of cars registered advanced from 3,541,738 to 5,123,874. Almost 50 per cent advance,

—more than a million and a half new motorists in a single year.

Yet bigger still was the relative advance in sales of United States Tires to the motoring public.

*For passenger cars—'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco', 'Plain'.  
For commercial cars the Solid Truck Tire and the 'Nobby Cord'.  
Also Tires for Motorcycles, Bicycles and Airplanes.*

*United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling  
Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.*

More than keeping pace with the motor industry; more than supplying the tire demands of new motorists—the phenomenally increased sales of these good tires was the biggest thing of the motoring year.

This growth in United States Tire sales has a real meaning to you.

It gives you the judgment of countless experienced motorists. They have quit experimenting.

They have turned to United States Tires for their known, dependable value.

They have made tire-buying the plain, simple business proposition it should be.

Equip your car with United States Tires. There is a type exactly suited to your needs.

There is a United States Sales and Service Depot nearby to give you every service.

## United States Tires are Good Tires







### *If Those at Home*

are anxiously scanning the papers for news from the front, how much more are the boys at the front waiting daily for news from home. Are you keeping up your end by writing regularly to some boy you know now in France? The cover of next week's LIFE, "A Love Letter," reveals some of the difficulties encountered by the boys on the other side. Next Tuesday. Everywhere. Ten cents.

#### Special Offer

Enclosed find one Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 51

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

# *Life*

Subscriptions to LIFE may be sent to American soldiers abroad at American rates of postage if addressed to them as members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

The price of annual subscriptions, postage included, for Canadian, British and other soldiers in the Allied armies, is \$6.04.



# Clicquot Club

Producee of the

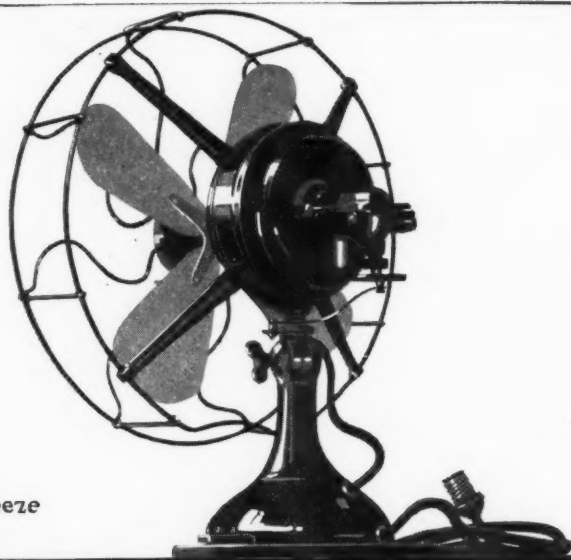
## GINGER ALE



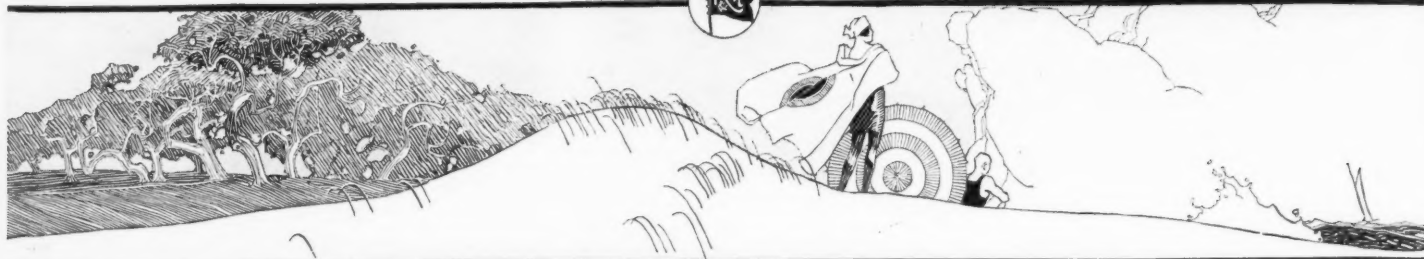
Just off the ice—eager to get at thirst. Who is the thirsty one? Let Clicquot Club show you how delightful a genuine ginger drink can be. Not merely relieves the thirst—it satisfies. Serve at mealtime, after theatre, at bedtime—any time when thirst bobs up in your throat. Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is made of purest cane sugar, juices of lemons and limes, Jamaica ginger and crystal-clear spring water. Safe and healthful for old and young. Buy by the case from your grocer or druggist, and keep a few bottles on ice.

**Buy it  
by the Case**

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.



The Sign of a Breeze



## Back of the Fan—the Motor

Back of the breeze, the fan; back of the fan, the motor; back of the motor, the reputation of the maker. And the greatest of these is the motor—that which makes both fan and reputation.

Look back of the fan you buy. You see there the Robbins & Myers Motor and know it is backed by twenty-one years of sterling reputation in the building of famous motors.

Every Robbins & Myers Fan has its R & M Motor. In fact, the fan is a development of the motor. The motor came first. No R & M Fan is a mere assemblage of blades and guards to which has been added a motor of unknown pedigree.

Don't judge a fan by its breeze alone—but by the certainty with which the breeze will be delivered season after season. Breeze endurance is a matter of motor endurance. The quality of the motor back of the fan determines the value your money buys.

Is it a fan for the ceiling, desk or wall?—oscillating, non-oscillating or ventilating?—for the home, office, store or work room?—for operation on direct or alternating current? In the Robbins & Myers line there is the particular fan for the particular purpose—quality-wrought throughout—a fan whose very name is a guarantee of worth.

The well-known R & M flag on the guard of the fan you buy is the first-glance sign of the motor quality back of it.

Robbins & Myers power motors are made in sizes ranging from 1-40 to 30 horsepower, for office, shop, home and factory.

Makers of high-grade electrical devices equip their product with these motors to insure an unmatched operating efficiency. An R & M Motor on a fan, vacuum cleaner, washing machine, adding machine or other electrical device is assurance of high quality throughout.

The Robbins & Myers Co., Springfield, Ohio  
For Twenty-one Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors  
Branches in All Principal Cities

# Robbins & Myers Motors





### Servants of Gott

"WHAT'S all the katzenjammer now?" said Otto-on-Parade.

"We win the Iron Cross to-day," the fire-squad leader said.

"What makes you look so glad, so glad?" said Otto-on-Parade.

"I'm gay at what I have to do," the fire-squad leader said.

"For we're shooting fifty nurses; we are marching them away.

We'll stand their backs against a wall and let the rifles play. We sure will please the Kaiser and von Hindenburg to-day, And we'll murder fifty babies in the morning."

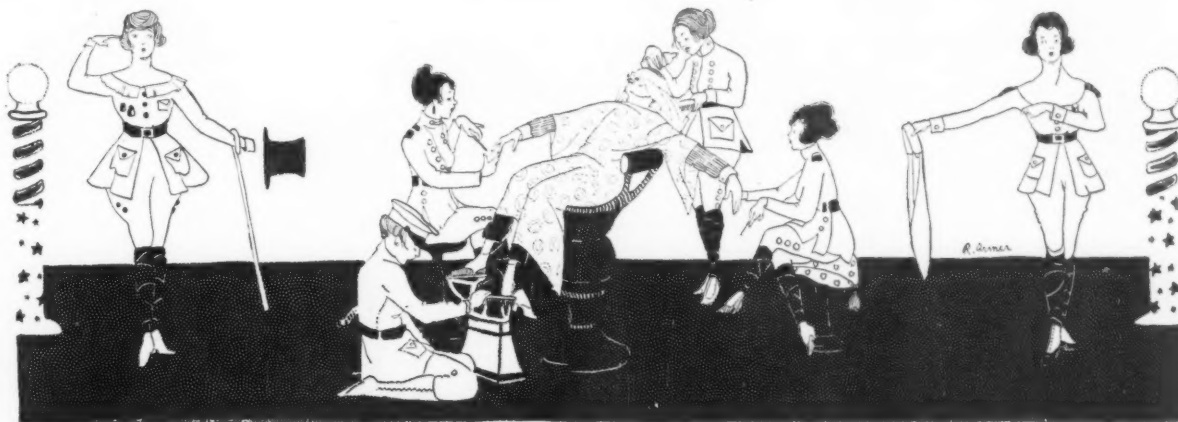
### One Thing at a Time

FORMER Governor Ralston of Indiana declared in meeting in June that the exigencies of the times call for the renomination and election of Woodrow Wilson in 1920.

The ex-governor seems previous. If he will put his ear back on the ground again and give dispassionate attention to the rumblings he will have to report that the exigencies of the times call for the winning of the war, and stop at that.

One thing at a time.

It is highly desirable to win the war before we set out again to choose a President.



THE WELL-GROOMED MAN  
AS WE UNDERSTAND HIM FROM THE FASHION PAPERS



## Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1917, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty-one years. In that time it has expended \$168,071.31 and has given a fortnight in the country to 39,193 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$6,467.68
Myrtle Revallion	.50
F. S.	5.00
Anna A. Arzberger	1.00
C. M. Huckel	.50
Margaret M. McConnell	5.00
Algy	10.00
"In memory of I. A. P."	10.00
Mrs. Galbraith Miller, Jr.	5.00
Dorothy and Margaret Elms	7.00
J. C.	5.25
Louise Harkness	20.00
"Tithe Account"	10.00
B. T. Gale	5.00
"Anonymous"	100.00
J. C. Nickerson	7.00
H. S. Haines	10.00
Lieut. Vincent Astor, U. S. N.	100.00
Marie El Khoney	10.00
Edith P. Garland	10.00
H. H.	7.00
"V. B. B."	10.00

\$6,805.93

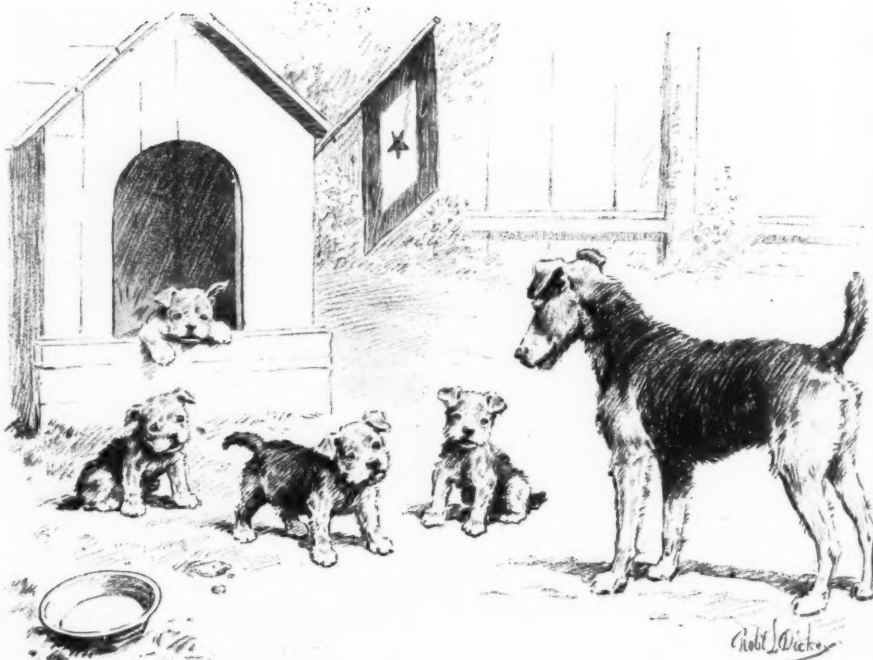
From Mr. James M. Motley, New York City, one fifty-dollar 4¼-per-cent. Liberty Bond, the income each year to be devoted to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund.

### ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Package of clothing from M. C. Hertweg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Package of clothing, caps and sweaters from pupils of Miss May M. Fines School, Princeton, N. J.

Package of clothing from Mr. W. C. Griggs, Orange, Texas.



"OH, MOTHER, IF THIS WAR LASTS ANOTHER YEAR WE'LL PUT FOUR NEW STARS ON THAT FLAG!"



AT LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM  
"WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE"

## The Fresh Air Endowments

TO those previously acknowledged LIFE gratefully adds

### FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NUMBER FOUR

In memory of KENT C. RANDLE, of Chicago, Illinois.

To those unfamiliar with the idea we would say that the annual income from two hundred dollars of the Third Liberty Bonds about pays the cost, at present prices, of a two weeks' outing at LIFE's Fresh Air Farm for a poor child from the city. The gift of bonds to that amount insures that in perpetuity, every summer, some little child will be taken from the slums of the city and given the opportunity for a fortnight to know the joys of the country and gain the benefit, physical and mental, that comes from such an experience.

Bonds intended for this purpose should be sent by registered mail to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund (Incorporated), 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.

The endowment may bear the name of the donor or such other designation as the donor desires.

## Two Letters

THE KIND OF LETTER NOT TO WRITE TO FRANCE

DEAR TOM: Mother asked me to write to you at once. She wants you to be particularly careful, as she yesterday read that there has been a marked increase in the infantry mortality rate, due to the new form of attack being used by the Germans.

The German submarines are now operating over here, and to date they've sunk a great many ships. Only the Lord knows what will happen next.

Mother gets up early every morning to look over the casualty lists, and she is always dreaming that something has happened to you.

You must find it dreadfully lonely over in France. Every night we picture you and your companions in the trenches, lonely and blue and wishing you were back home, and we feel heartily sorry for you.

There isn't any particular news, outside of the fact that we worry every minute you are away; so this will be all for now.

Your loving brother,

CHARLIE.

P. S.—Mother wants to know if you can't arrange to be transferred to some branch of the army other than the infantry.

THE KIND "HE" LIKES TO GET

DEAR TOM: You should have heard mother laugh this morning when your letter came! She thinks General Pershing ought to spank all you boys who pick on the little guy who stutters. But pick on him again, and tell mother all about it. She pretends not to like that sort of thing, but you ought to see her eat it up.

We miss you like the devil, of course, but we're all darned glad you're where you are—it gives the rest of us a chance to throw out our chests when we call attention to the service flag. Even Spot barks at it occasionally.

Last week on your birthday we had a little dinner at home in your honor. Dad insisted that mother should drink a toast to you—with real live beer, too. She hollered about "the bitter old beer," and wanted to use water, but Dad said to her, "A fine mother you are! Won't take a little beer because it's bitter, and your son drinking trench water and not complaining!" Mother then grabbed a tumbler and filled it with beer, spilled some of the foam on the tablecloth, closed her eyes and drank every drop before she spoke this toast: "May my son Tom—God bless his brave heart!—make Uncle Sam proud of him!" And we all cheered ourselves into sore throats.

Bill Jackson was married last week—the beer made me think of Bill's big bay window. And old Bob Hart, the drayman, asked for you yesterday, and wants me to ask you if you remember the time he caught you trying to steal his whip—for smoking purposes, I suppose.

You haven't ended the war yet, so you won't get another letter till to-morrow.

Everybody is well and happy.

CHARLIE.

P. S.—Why don't you invite General Foch to dinner with you some day? I'd like to have you swipe me one of his medals for a souvenir.



EX-CHIEF THUNDERCLOUD, HAVING TAKEN A PRISONER, RESORTS TO HIS OWN METHODS

## Too Much Work for Pa

"WHY does that young man stay so late?"

"I don't know, pa."

"Well, you will save me a lot of trouble if, the next time you have a caller, you get a self-starter."



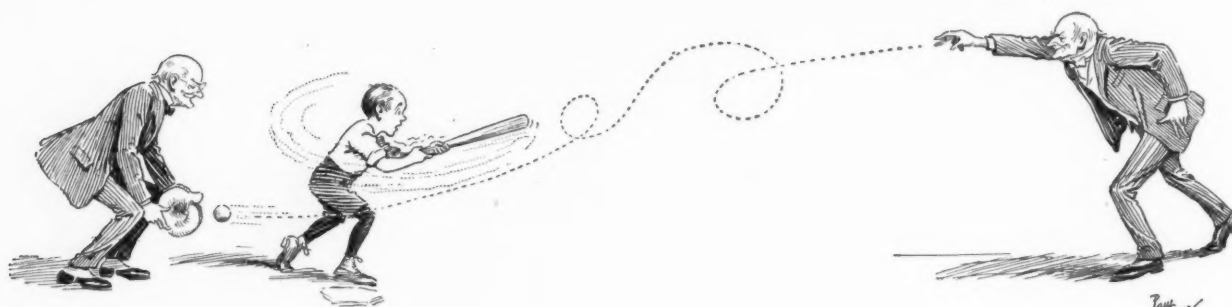
"THE COAL IS IN!"



LIEUTENANT HENRY CLAY CULPEPPER AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG



LIEUTENANT HENRY CLAY CULPEPPER, 3D, AT THE BATTLE OF PICARDY



"YOUTH MUST BE SERVED"





"HAVE YOU GOT A SECOND-HAND CAR, AS GOOD AS NEW, FOR ABOUT ONE-QUARTER WHAT A NEW CAR WOULD COST?"

"YES'M, WE'VE GOT JUST THE ONE YOU WANT. IT'S BEING TOWED IN NOW."

## Cheerful Reading

**T**HE father of the large and expensive family was showing us his literary treasures, his author-autographed volumes, his extra-illustrated copies of the classics, his books bound in vellum and gold, and we worshipped with him, for we, too, were devotees of the cult, members of the mysterious brotherhood of bibliomaniacs. And now he came to the last glass case, and with reverent hands took down an old, torn, dog-eared arithmetic, the covers soiled from much usage.

"Yes," he was saying, "it is in this little book that I find rest and mental refreshment after I have performed the arduous ordeal of checking up the household bills for the month. Just listen to this:

"If twenty-one pounds of sugar

can be bought for a dollar, what is the price per pound?"

"And here is another choice bit I want you to enjoy with me:

"John goes to the grocery store with a one-dollar bill. He buys two pounds of butter at twenty cents a pound and a dozen eggs for eighteen cents. How much change should he receive?" Ah, gentlemen, those were the happy days! Here is just one more look backward to those good old times, those times that, indeed, seem to have been too good ever to have been true:

"Mrs. Smith pays five cents a quart for milk. How much is her milk bill for four weeks if she uses two quarts a day?"

"Yes," he concluded, "when I have checked up the family expenses for the month I am a pessimist of the deepest dye. Then I take down this good old comforting arithmetic with its charming chapters on the cost of groceries in 1898, and I get so absorbed in the plot that my troubles vanish into thin air.

Let others have their Mary Roberts Rineharts and their Robert W. Chambers. Give me the good old arithmetic which affords the means of escape from the expensive present to the economical past, to the halcyon days when eating was about the cheapest of indoor pastimes."

Modern publishers are overlooking an opportunity. Properly advertised, the ancient arithmetic ought to prove the most popular of all best-sellers.



THE RECRUITING SERGEANT

# · LIFE ·



"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver"



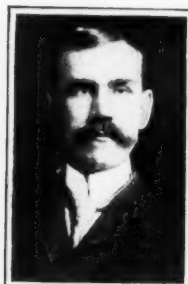
## Life's Horoscopes

WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

OWING to the perihelion of the Dog Star being covered with the Constellation of the Goat, with Cassiopeia and the tin dipper ascendant above the Gowanus Canal, this gentleman was destined in 1858 to be an Episcopalian, a Democrat, a pall-bearer to American commerce, to reside in Brooklyn and, with one exception, to sport the most beautiful pair of side whiskers known to history. Being of a sanguine temperament, he was born either to miss being Vice-President or to belong to the submerged Department of Commerce, and will do well to avoid all tariffs, confining himself to trade acceptances and the putting greens of the Chevy Chase Agricultural Golf Club of Washington. Looks well in a Roman toga, cut bias and tastefully ornamented with bills of lading.



REED SMOOT



WITH orange blossoms decorating the face of Mars, Venus divided into eight mansions, kitchen utensils triumphant in the orbit of Virgo, and Gemini up in the air, this gentleman made his first appearance in full osculation with Salt Lake City on January 10, 1862. From thence he journeyed by forced marches to Washington, where he arrived in March, 1903, composing his famous song, "Oh, for a Cabot Lodge in Some Vast Wilderness." He has a sanguine temperament, with oratorical nebulae on the side and with patriotism rampant. Will not need to be reminded that a "little La Follette now and then is hated by the wisest men." Will

do his best work as a trained nurse in a Federal Reserve bank. Looks well in bifurcated brigham youngs, ornamented with pleated gops.

## Paid Insertions

**LOST:** Somewhere on the high seas, by Captain Judas Iscariot of the German U-navy, a sense of shame. If found, the finder may keep it, as it is worth nothing. No reward if returned. TIRPITZ.

**FOUND:** In France, between Picardy and the Vosges, an American army of a million men. This army is obviously misplaced, and is proving a source of embarrassment to the finder. Will pay a large reward to anyone who will take it off my hands. WILHELM.

**SITUATION WANTED:** Expert stenographer; have been occupied in taking down the victory speeches of a very exalted conqueror. Victories having ceased, and on account of the expected dissolution of the firm, am open for offers. After a month's recuperation for mental and physical massage, shall be ready for any employment in which truth is no object. KARL ROSNER.



SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS



*New Arrival:* WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK PRETTY WELL TORN UP—AND THOSE CHILDREN  
HAVE THEIR HANDS CUT OFF.

"WHY, A GERMAN SPY GOT IN HERE YESTERDAY."





"The ploughman homeward plods his weary way"  
(With apologies to Gray's "Elegy")

R/p.

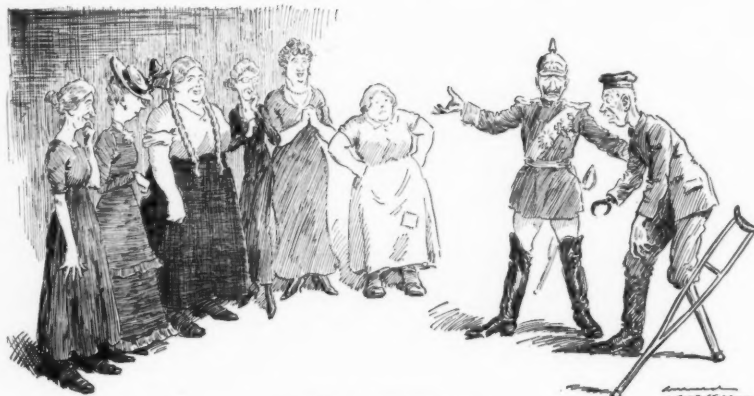
One of the recent arrivals at Camp Dix was a youth so round-shouldered that he looked hump-backed. He was also dull and listless. The orthopedic department took him in hand, massaged him, baked him in an electric heater and straightened his spine. To-day he walks with shoulders squared, head erect and chest out, and is bright and alert.

—News item.

DOES your chest cave in?  
Does your back bulge out?  
Do your ankles hit  
When you walk about?  
Is there something wrong  
With your spine or neck?  
Do you feel at times  
Like a perfect wreck?

Are your nerves on edge?  
Does your head feel bad?  
When you read the news  
Does it make you mad?  
Are you losing hair  
Or your appetite?  
If so, here's the stuff  
That will set you right:

UNCLE SAMUEL, Ph.D. R  
Res., North America.  
Office hours, 12 M. to 12 M.  
1 O. D. khaki suit.  
1 Modified Enfield rifle.  
1 Complete kit.  
1 Sojourn at an army cantonment.  
1 Day of drill after another.  
UNCLE SAMUEL, Ph.D.



THE LAST STRAW  
POLYGAMY

## Men and Greatness

IN great men expect great faults. If they come to high place, the position that makes their abilities important increases also the importance of their defects. The most that can be expected of any man is that the good in him shall predominate. If his virtues outweigh his vices, his assets outweigh his defects, and his abilities his disabilities, he must be rated as a valuable man.

And for certain specific jobs, or in certain crises, the possession of particular powers or qualities in a high degree may make a very faulty man indispensable.

There is lots of luck about greatness. The earth is full of seeds, and some

## Full Steam Backward

NAPOLEON had two Waterloos. The first was Moscow. He was annihilated by going forward.

Hindenburg and the German army will be victims of the same historical paradox. The Teuton army is heading for defeat by winning victories. It is easier for them to get to Paris than it is to get back to Berlin.

The German army will never reach Berlin. History will describe it as the retreat toward Paris.

## Old Hands at the Game

FOOD HOARDER: I wonder what would be the best way to conceal these three barrels of sugar.

HIS WIFE: Why not write to your cousin in Maine, and ask her how they hide their whisky?

of them get where they belong and produce their like. So it must be that the great mass of mankind is full of abilities, of which some find development and occasion, and come to great usefulness and renown, and vastly more merely develop enough to meet the demands of a restricted opportunity.

You can't make a great man out of poor materials. He must have the stuff in him. But he may have it and still, for lack of recognition, or advertisement, or means, not come to his own. As a rule, and particularly in these times, greatness requires, like most other important things, to have intelligent pushing power behind it.

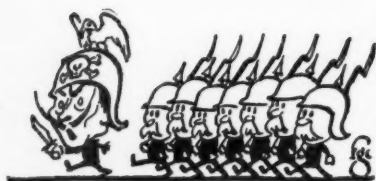
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THE LADY HE'S WORKING FOR



JULY 25, 1918

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 72  
No. 1865Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANYA. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.  
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York  
English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

AS LIFE goes to press there is news of one day's fighting in a new German drive, and cheerful news

it is. The drive seems big and serious, but what we hear of the deportment of the reception committee is very encouraging. The committee this time seems to be French and American. The French, we read, were fully prepared, and upset the enemy and took many prisoners. Our gentlemen counter-attacked with success, and also took a handsome batch of prisoners.

This is all very comfortable first-day news, and makes us thankful again that we have eleven hundred thousand men in France.

The many recent suggestions from German sources about possible terms of peace have all been so hopeless that it has been even more plain than usual that the only road to peace lay through more hard fighting and abundance of it, so that this new outbreak is only a recurrence of the inevitable, and is to be welcomed rather than deplored. If it has come our turn to read long death lists we must remember that we cannot have victory without paying its price, and victory we must have, whatever the cost is.

That Hindenburg is dead is always an interesting story. The recent new edition of it, embellished with the incident of a quarrel with the Kaiser and resulting stroke of apoplexy, is almost thrilling. And of course it may be true. But a Hindenburg more or less is not likely to make any vital difference, so long as a living Ludendorff

is available. The story is that the old man and the Kaiser disagreed about the effort on the French front. It does not say what the Kaiser wanted or whether he got it. But between drives all news is desultory and inexact. When this new drive began we had been fed for weeks on stories of German discomfort, advertisements of an impending debacle in Austria, Fourth of July announcements of American achievements in transportation of men and production of ships and war material, and discussion of means to help Russia. Now comes large-scale fighting again, and with it a possibility of results that will count for something.



EX-MAYOR MITCHEL'S funeral in New York on July 11th was an interesting commentary on political methods in these States. It was a funeral of the new type for airmen, with the airplane escort overhead, swimming in the blue like fishes in a pool, a lovely and uplifting sight. Very eminent men and representatives of others, led by Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Cleveland Dodge, walked by the bier through crowded streets, preceded and followed by the long military escort. It was a very beautiful funeral, a tribute far out of ordinary to a man honored, beloved and respected, chiefly for his record as mayor of New York, but who, when he ran last fall for re-election, got less than one vote in four of those cast.

Merit of itself will not win re-election for a mayor in New York, or in most other cities. It will not go very far, by itself, to win re-election anywhere to a sharply contested office. The idea of the voters as critical observers of affairs, watching to see how their public servants serve them, and putting them out or keeping them in, according as they do well or ill, is very largely a fallacy. The Angel Gabriel, after a perfect administration, could not be re-elected mayor of New York unless the people who wanted him were stronger and made a better campaign than the people who wanted his job.

Mayor Mitchel was a better official than he was politician, and his backers were more interested in good government than they were in political organization. He made a lot of Roman Catholics mad because he would not shield institutions in charge of Catholics from inspection and compulsory improvement. He made Hearst mad, doubtless because, being a decent, upright man, he was heartily opposed to Hearst and all his works and wishes, from his war attitude down. He did not get the socialist vote, partly because it was against the war and the draft, partly because Socialists want, not good government, but government by Socialists. Under an immense barrage of lies—about Gary schools, bankers' financiering, the garbage plant, the New York Central West Side tracks plan—the opposition infantry went forward and easily captured the polls. The trouble was there was no generalship and little preparation on his side, and people who wanted bad government bagged the votes.

And so, no doubt, they always will, a good deal of the time. It is as Thackeray said:

The strong may yield, the good may fall,  
The great man be a vulgar clown,  
The knave be lifted over all,  
The kind cast pitilessly down.

No doubt it has to be that way, else the world wouldn't move; certainly that's the way it is.



THE exhibition of the New York *Evening Mail* as a German-bought paper has been interesting, and has





NAMING THE DAY

helped us to understand how far we have come, and by what stages, to the condition of being a united nation. The *Mail* as it was, with the German government as its owner, was doing no particular harm that we know of, because it could not but support the national attitude towards the war. It has read like a loyal paper for months. All the same, the *Mail* exposure was interesting, as has been its restoration to American ownership.

The *Tribune*, which attends lavishly to the Hearst press, has been at pains to print side by side comparisons of the political positions of the *Mail* while it was German owned, but chiefly before we got into the war, and of the New York Hearst *American* during the same period. The two papers seem to have worked along on almost exactly the same lines, working hard to get us into trouble with the British, opposing the draft, agitating with energy against the transportation of American troops overseas, doing everything possible to help the German cause without quite coming out flat-footed for Germany.

We know now why the *Mail* was working as it did, but why was Hearst doing it? Why did Hearst work so

persistently for Germany as long as it was possible to do so without danger of going to jail? The *Mail* was bought. Was Hearst bought too? It has never seemed likely. Hearst has always been accounted a man who could command money enough to do what he liked. There was a story that some great advertisers had influenced the policy of his papers early in the war, but no credible basis for that tale has been furnished. The likelier hypothesis is that Hearst, like the German government, has been spending his own money to get the kind of political effects that he wanted.

Heaven knows whether he cared anything for Germany, but he has seemed heartily disposed to wreck the British Empire, and ready to take any chance or use any tool that would forward him in that disposition.

Hearst is a very strange person. Why do not our leading psychologists, who from time to time have expounded to us the Kaiser and the Colonel, and even the President, employ their abilities in an effort to make him more comprehensible to his observant and wondering fellow-creatures? What does he want, and why does he want it? If anyone knows, he does not

speak for publication. There is no theory of human improvement or destruction with which Hearst can be definitely connected. So far as known, he is not a Democrat, nor a Republican, nor a Tammany man, nor a Roosevelt man, nor an I. W. W., nor a Socialist, nor for anything or anybody but just Hearst. Why he should be for Hearst, why Hearst should interest him so much, what he sees in that man for good or bad, is just a mystery. Why don't the psychologists get after him and explain why he insists so obstinately in being a bad smell in a suffering world!



A COMMENT on a letter in the last number of LIFE wound up with a citation of "Chapman's remark that 'The words of Christ destroy the whole fabric of society.'"

Chapman said *dissolve*, not destroy; "dissolve the whole fabric of society."

A very striking remark, that, especially when taken in connection with current events, when the whole fabric of society seems to be progressing very steadily towards dissolution, with prospect of reconstruction on new lines.

Undoubtedly there will be an effort, just as there was after Waterloo, to start the nations off again on Christian principles, and of course the millennium will not ensue any more than it did for the Holy Alliance. But democracy may easily beat the arrangements of the Holy Alliance, and we are entitled to hope that it will. Mr. Wilson, as the leading democratic agent and spokesman, is strong in good will to men, and the predominant disposition of the Allies is towards an arrangement that will let every nation go its own gait, just as far as is compatible with sub-lunary cohesion. "The germinating idea of Mr. Wilson's policy," says Dr. Jacks in *Land and Water*, "is that America, because of her greatness, of her power, of her vast potentialities, is a *servant* among the nations, and not a *master*." That certainly is a highly Christianized attitude, and Dr. Jacks by no means speaks for himself alone when he attributes it to Mr. Wilson.



At the Peace Operating

Kaiser: WILL IT BE SERIOUS OPERATIONS?  
Chorus of Surgeons: EVERYTHING MUST BE DONE!



Peace Operating) Table  
WILL IT BE A SERIOUS OPERATION?  
Sons: EVERYTHING MUST BE REMOVED.



## Changing Winds

I REMEMBER, I remember,  
When I had reached sixteen,  
How rare my judgment was of age:  
How piercing and how keen.  
A man of twenty-five was old;  
And almost senile he  
Who doddered past me at the age  
Of thirty-two or -three.

I remember, I remember,  
When I was sixty-two,  
How much my views had broadened  
out:  
How ripe they were, and true.  
A man of fifty was a child;  
And one had just begun  
To enter happy middle age  
On reaching eighty-one.

*Kenneth L. Roberts.*

## Protecting the Little Ones

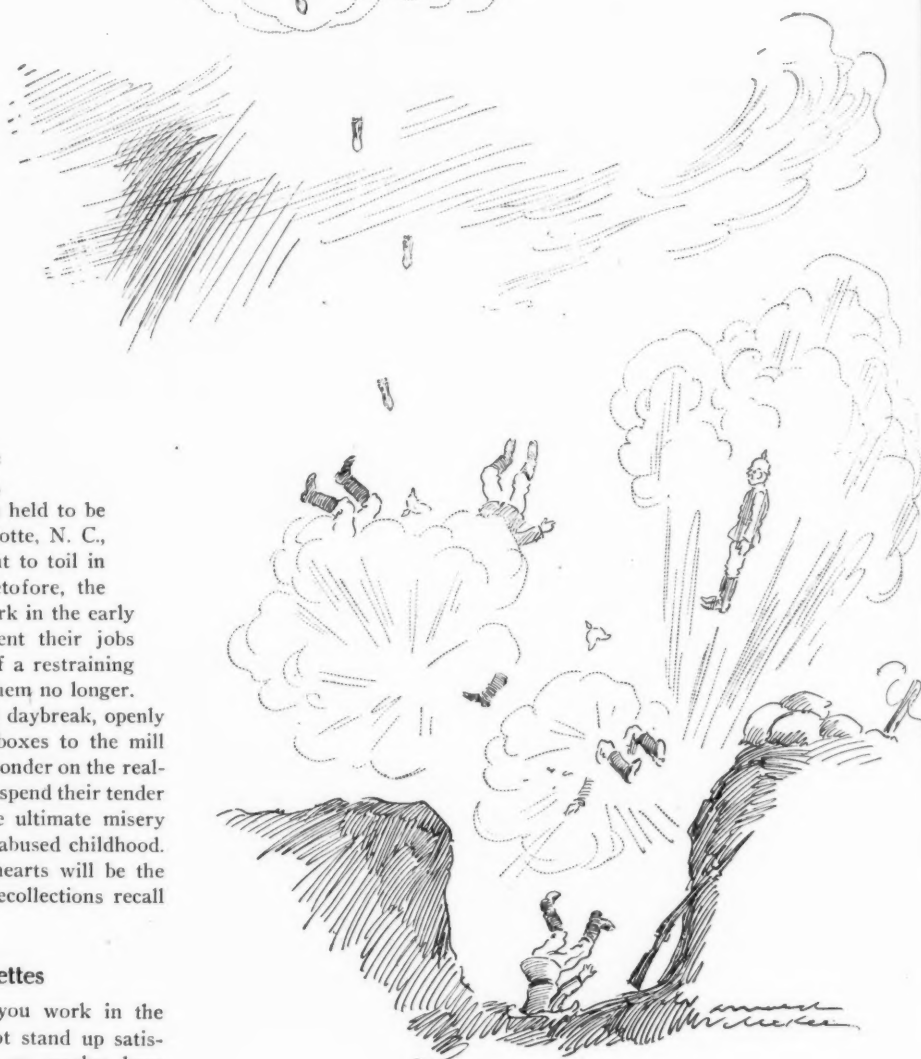
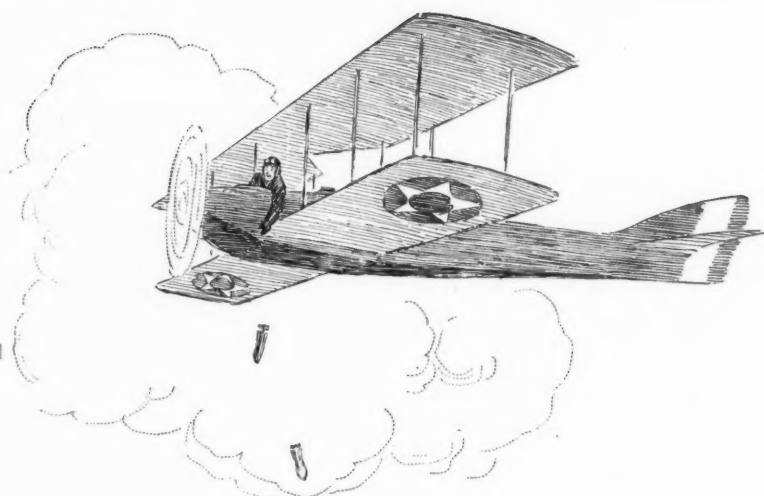
Washington, June 3.—The federal child labor law of 1916 forbidding interstate shipment of products of child labor was to-day declared unconstitutional and invalid by the Supreme Court.

Injunctions restraining the government from putting the statute into effect and restraining a Charlotte, N. C., cotton mill from discharging children employed by it were sustained by the court.

THANKS to legal defects in the federal child-labor law of 1916, which our Supreme Court recently has held to be unconstitutional, the children of Charlotte, N. C., may now assert their indefeasible right to toil in the cotton mill of their town. Heretofore, the little ones have tremblingly gone to work in the early morning, not knowing at what moment their jobs might be taken from them by means of a restraining injunction; but that fear need worry them no longer. From now on the little tots may rise at daybreak, openly and fearlessly carry their tiny lunch-boxes to the mill with them, and, during the noon-hour, ponder on the realization that it is their legal privilege to spend their tender and immature years in pursuit of the ultimate misery that inevitably follows in the wake of abused childhood. In later years, how drear to their hearts will be the scenes of their childhood, when sad recollections recall them to view!

## Suggestion to Farmerettes

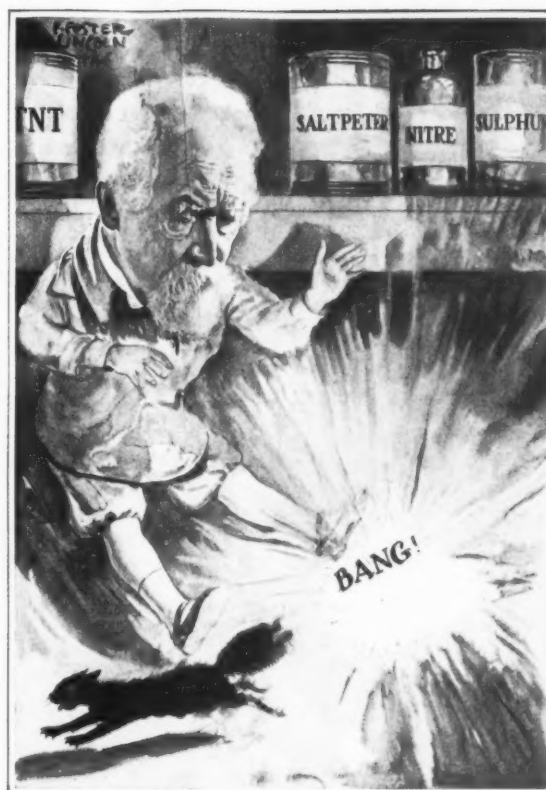
DON'T wear silk stockings when you work in the garden this summer; they will not stand up satisfactorily in the long run. Common or garden hose should be selected.



SOWING HIS WILD OATS



THE LITTLE HOOSIER



HISTORIC BOYS

THE MAXIM KID

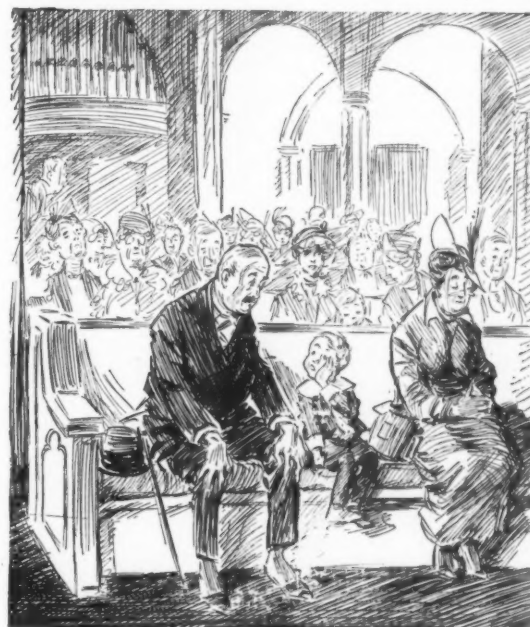
### Are You a Siberter?

GETTING into the war bears a superficial resemblance to surf bathing. Some people put one toe into the war, wriggle it around and scream loudly as the little shivers run up their backbone. Other people plunge in all over and strike out without a sound. Of the latter class Major General William L. Sibert is a shining example. The general has five sons and one adopted son. If his family flies a service flag it is decorated with seven stars: one for the general, five for his sons and one for his adopted son; for all of them are in the service. To those who are only partly in the war, and who are screaming about their partial immersion, we wish to point out General Sibert and urge that they become siberters while the siberting is good.

### Hoping for the Best

PROFESSOR Highbrowe: Yes, sir! I hold with Herbert Spencer that sensation is above the mere heterogeneous process of ratiocination and that absolute morality can only begin when the struggle for existence has ceased.

CASTLETON (*a matter-of-fact business friend*): Well, then, professor, let us sincerely hope that the proceeds of your next lecture tour will make an honest man out of you.



"SAY, FATHER, MOTHER'S ASLEEP! CAN'T WE SNEAK OUT NOW?"

## The War Dog

HE was only a dog, but he went to war  
 On the shell-ploughed fields of France;  
 And loyally labored, with tooth and paw,  
 To baffle the clutch of an iron claw,  
 In the swoop of the Hun's advance.

Without an equipment he joined our fight,  
 Without a commission or rank,  
 For a cur he was, with a social blight;  
 Yet we gave him a uniform of white,  
 With a crimson cross on his flank.

And he wore his cross with a lordly pride,  
 As he raced through a sea of mud,  
 Till the white of his uniform was dyed  
 With the oozing flow of a crimson tide  
 And his cross was a smear of blood.

His post was a line where the wounded piled,  
 And his chief was a surgeon's son,  
 A man among men, with the heart of a child,  
 A master of mercy who worked and smiled  
 And who smiled when his work was done.

And the two toiled on for their country's weal,  
 Unhonored—unarmed—unsung!  
 A bandage, a sponge and a spot to kneel,  
 In a torturing tempest of splintered steel,  
 On a short hour's sleep—and a bone.

The man had a mission to ease the pain  
 Of his brothers who fell and bled,  
 And his dog went out on a gas-soaked plain,  
 To snuffle and sniff through the mounds of slain  
 For the living among the dead;

And many a mother, who knelt and prayed  
 At the cross for her battling son,  
 May ever thank God that his death was stayed  
 By the grit of a dog that was unafraid,  
 In the cause of a cross that won.

It won through the rush of a trampling host,  
 Over shattered and heaving ground,  
 Where a dust-cloud hung like a devil's ghost  
 And the great guns thundered from coast to coast,  
 Till the whole world shook with the sound;

Where the hot shells screamed and the shrapnel sang  
 To the basso boom of the guns,  
 Where the bayonets clashed and the rifles rang  
 With a resonant, roaring, crashing clang,  
 In the path of the blood-mad Huns.

The whistles shrilled! And the gray hordes burst  
 From a sulphurous pall of smoke,  
 To falter and reel, like a man athirst,  
 Yet onward, in waves of a sea accursed,  
 And our thin lines wavered and broke.

Back, back we were bent, till a counter-blow  
 Was launched in a turbulent tide,  
 And khaki columns were locked with the foe,  
 In a dizzily-tumbling whirlpool flow,  
 Where the billows of fury ride.

Where the Eagle clawed at a Vulture's crest  
 And tore with his beak at a crown,  
 There a surgeon lay, with a white hand prest  
 To a wound in his undefended breast,  
 When a Prussian had struck him down.

But the war dog stood by his fallen mate,  
 Then straight for a throat he leaped,  
 And another note in the hymn of hate  
 Was ripped from its scroll by the fangs of Fate,  
 In a harvest of horror reaped.

And a dog had reaped, in the princely pride  
 Of a trust that should live unmarred,  
 Though the bullets scorched through his quivering hide,  
 Till he sank to earth at his master's side—  
 Unconquered—and still on guard!

He crouched by his own, like a brother's twin,  
 And with blood on his bristling fur.  
 "By God!" screamed a boy, in the battle's din,  
 "I'm going out yonder and bring him in!"  
 And he went through hell—for a cur.

But the cur recoiled from the pitying hand  
 That was stretched for his own relief,  
 And snarled at the boy, in a hoarse command  
 That even a human could understand,  
 So he stooped for the helpless chief.

He lifted him up on his strong young back,  
 And the dog saluted in joy  
 With a bark as clear as a rifle's crack,  
 Then he dragged himself on the shot-swept track  
 Of the staggering, reeling boy.

And our line went mad, to its roaring rear,  
 With the homage of souls astir,  
 While the trenches rocked with a triple cheer  
 For those who had laughed in the face of Fear;  
 For a man! For a boy! And a cur!

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Did the chief pass out? Did the war dog die,  
 And his mission of mercy fail?  
 He answered himself and gave us the lie,  
 In the gleam of one swollen, blood-shot eye  
 And a wag of his bleeding tail.

Through battered Belgium and wrath-riven France,  
 Where the banners of Britain wave,  
 He lolled in a nebulous morphia trance,  
 As he rolled in a Red Cross ambulance,  
 And cheated a warrior's grave.





"MAYBE HE'S BEEN PLAYING RING-A-ROSY. IT ALWAYS MAKES ME DIZZY"

At the hospital base his cheating was worse,  
If the theft of our hearts be sin,  
For he sponged on a major-general's purse,  
And licked the tears from the cheek of his nurse,  
As she tenderly tucked him in.

So they gave him another cross to wear,  
Though they wanted to give him ten;  
But he kept just two—which was just and fair—  
The cross on his flank and a *Croix de Guerre*,  
For the envy of lesser men.

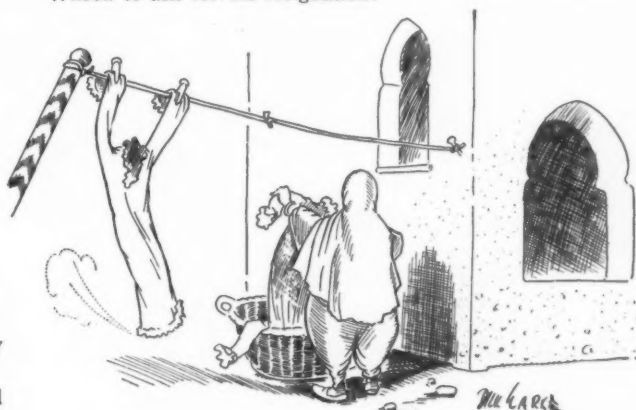
Yet, he only asks, with a pleading paw,  
When this madness of Might shall cease,  
To hold in your bosoms one human law:  
Remember our dogs in the days of war  
And our dogs in the days of peace. *Edward Peple.*

**SURGEON:** This man's injuries are very peculiar. How did he get hurt?

**ATTENDANT:** He was a chauffeur before he enlisted, and when the mule stopped he crawled under it to see what was the matter.

### A Reasonable Inquiry

**I**S there any crime or stupidity of which Postmaster Burleson could be guilty that would induce President Wilson to ask for his resignation?



ARABIAN NIGHTIES





RAYMONDE DUPUIT,  
BABY 243



DENISE BROSSARD,  
BABY 2287



RAYMOND FRANCOIS,  
BABY 2279



ANDRÉE GUICHARD,  
BABY 2379

## The French Babies



SUZANNE SAUVAGE,  
BABY 1567

LIFE has so often told the story of the war orphans of France and the help given to them by the generous readers of LIFE that it is difficult to put any new emphasis on the ever-growing need and its alleviation. The help given has never equalled the necessity for it, and every day the number of needy children and their brave widowed mothers is increasing.

There are few war funds that do such direct and immediate good. There is none that will help more in the future rehabilitation of France and do so much to strengthen the bond of affection between the American people and the French people. The French babies of to-day are the French men and women of the future. We may be sure that those of them who have been helped through this fund will grow up with a lively appreciation of American good-heartedness.

LIFE has received, in all, \$219,197.71, from which we have remitted to Paris 1,214,569.95 francs.

We gratefully acknowledge from

Miss Ada Chapman's Music Class, Clarksdale, Miss., for Baby No. 2828.....	\$73
Alice C. McReynolds and Robert C. McReynolds, Los Angeles, Cal., for Baby No. 2829.....	73
John O. Lyman, Penns Grove, N. J., for Baby No. 2830.....	73
Arthur H. Trotter, Caldera, Chile, for Baby No. 2831.....	73
Mrs. A. W. Clapp, St. Paul, Minn., for Baby No. 2832.....	73
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H. E. Holme, Halifax, Nova Scotia, for Baby No. 2834.....	73
St. Catherine's Guild, Holy Trinity Church, Hertford, N. C., for Baby No. 2838.....	73

A. G. H., Overbrook, Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 2840.....	73
W. H. Bradbury, Louisville, Ky., for Baby No. 2841.....	73
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David Cushman Twichell, Glen Cove, N. Y., for Baby No. 2843.....	73
Lieut. and Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Jr., Chevy Chase, D. C., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 177.....	73
Ada T. Huntzinger, New York City, renewal of subscription for Baby No. 327.....	73
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"A. M. M.," Menlo Park, Cal., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 202.....	73
S. M. P., Tuscaloosa, Ala., renewal on account for one year of subscription for Baby No. 111.....	36.50
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PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: Mrs. A. S. Sigurdson, Valley City, N. D., \$3; "In memory of Emma B. Bryner," Davenport, Iowa, \$5; J. W. Sproles and S. C. Hodges and the men in Hodges' Drug Store, Greenwood, S. C., \$7.70; C. H. Goodnow, Chicago, Ill., \$33; Herbert K. Salmon, Netcong, N. J., \$3; "Lendahand Club," Yonkers, N. Y., \$3; X. Y. Z., Memphis, Tenn., \$3; Harry G. Bickley, Williamsburg, Pa., \$3; The Ethical Culture School, New York City, \$6; Janne Aronsson, Chicago, Ill., \$9.50; The Good Samaritan Sunday School of the Congregational Church of Valley City, N. D., \$18.25; Penn Seaboard Steel Corporation, Balducci Works, Newcastle, Del., \$40.61; Bertha L. Walker, Aquiduct, R. I., \$15; M. L. Hughes, Clarksville, Tenn., \$3; I. X. L. Class of First Presbyterian Sunday School, Napoleon, Ohio, \$0.13; R. A. Holmes, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$10; Lila C. Hedges and Margaret C. Underwood, Haverstraw, N. Y., \$9; Mary Truman, Philadelphia, Pa., \$6; "The Youngsters," Charleston, S. C., \$9; The Sunday School Class of the Methodist Church of Winnipeg, Canada, \$18.25.

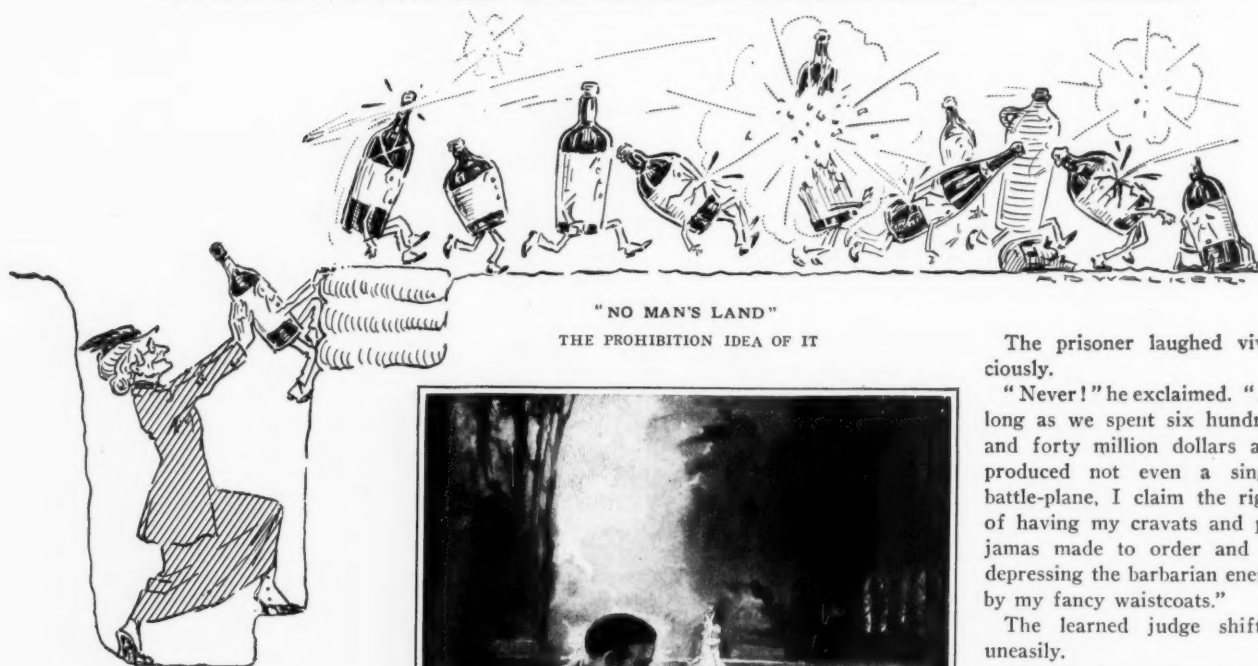
### BABY NUMBER 2816

Already acknowledged.....	\$52.08
The girls of Gunston School, Centerville, Md.....	6
	\$58.08

### BABY NUMBER 2839

Proceeds of a play given by the Recreation Center Club of the Y. W. C. A., New York City.....	\$25
Nelson P. Bonney, Norwich, N. Y.....	6
Mrs. Cecil A. Lyon, Colorado Springs, Colo.....	10
M. McEntee, Bar Harbor, Maine.....	8
	\$49





### Style Triumphant

**A**MONG the prisoners arraigned in court was one who gave his name as J. Ham Lewis. He threw a rose at the court when he entered.

"The charge against this man," said the judge, "is dressing in too beautiful a manner in war time. We have witnesses to prove that you, sir, wear four suits of clothes a day and that you have the reputation of being the handsomest man in the United States Senate."

"It is true, your honor," said the prisoner, with a modest bow. "I cannot help my fatal beauty. I set the style for my able confreres; but even in time of war I claim that appearances must be preserved. If the other senators didn't have me to look up to, in a short time they would all be wearing blue flannel shirts and red flannel lingerie. You must remember, your honor, that, if the world is to be made safe for democracy, it ought to be done in style. To dress well is a moral obligation imposed upon the highest civic ideals. Besides, it's a matter of per-

sonal attention, rather than a woful extravagance. Every night before saying my prayers and going to bed I carefully push my trousers in between the mattresses, and thus preserve the creases. It is in details of this sort that I manage to maintain my prestige."

"Are you prepared," asked the court, "to submit to an itemized account of your wardrobe for the coming year, including side combs?"



"I THINK YUM-YUM WANTS TO BURY THAT BONE, PARKER. YOU MIGHT DIG A HOLE FOR HIM"

The prisoner laughed vivaciously.

"Never!" he exclaimed. "As long as we spent six hundred and forty million dollars and produced not even a single battle-plane, I claim the right of having my cravats and pajamas made to order and of depressing the barbarian enemy by my fancy waistcoats."

The learned judge shifted uneasily.

"In the harrowing circumstances," he announced, "the prisoner is discharged, and perhaps the less said about this unusual case the better."

### Momentous Days in Fido's Life

**T**HE day he found a parcel of steak in the snow.

The day he tried to bluff a skunk.

The day a vivisectionist looked at him appraisingly.

The day his little friend died.

The day the dog-catcher, who was chasing him, slipped on a banana peel.

The day they tried to put him out of church.

The day he won the blue ribbon at the dog show.

The day they let him in on the family picture.

The day his master left for the war.

**A**DUSKY bride of South Carolina having been deserted at the altar, so to speak, a sympathizing friend endeavored to find a substitute for the missing groom-to-be.

"Go on Sam, an' tek dat gal. She's done been co'ted. All you's got to do is marry huh."



ANOTHER HERO

HE HAS GIVEN UP TIPPING FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR

### Initiation

LAST evening the boys belonging to the New Democracy Club initiated a new member, Bill Hohenzollern, and, so far as can be learned from the somewhat meager reports, the affair was full of entertainment for all concerned. Bill came in an old, cast-off suit of armor, thinking thereby to protect himself; but the boys, who were John Pershing, Ferdinand Foch, Duggie Haig and Len Wood and others, were ready for him, and promptly blew off the entire suit with a blast of dynamite, thus releasing the proposed new member from all encumbrances. Hanging him up to a tree by his mustache, they then proceeded to tattoo upon him pictures of Louvain, Rheims and a whole series showing the deportation of women and children. Bill will, in this wonderful costume, henceforth travel around the world for the club. He is expected to increase the membership of the club to include practically all of the inhabitants of the globe and what few Germans there may be left.

### Is Our Zeal too Great?

A MILLIONAIRE in Philadelphia who some time ago retired upon his fortune has been compelled by the authorities to go to work. If this principle is universally applied, however, will it prove to be useful? For is it not just as important to keep certain people from labor as it is to keep others busy?

This millionaire has, presumably, never learned how to do any useful thing. He has always been taken care of by others. Probably the simple expedient of getting dressed in the morning, on his part, has called for outside labor of some sort. Is it wise to compel him to work for others, when the war will probably not last more than four or five years at the outside, and it would take him that long to be trained?

The best thing to do with a man like that is to tether him in a vacant lot where he can do the least harm and get enough nourishment without depleting the boys at the front. Or else elect him to Congress.

### Why They Put the Captain Away

PLEASE don't judge me harshly. Do not turn away with a shake of the head. Hear me out. It is a short tale, but rather sad. If your complexion is not your own, it would be well to press your handkerchief to your eyes before I begin.

I was a captain in the regular army. Long ago, on the plains, I acquired the habit of rolling my own cigarettes. The habit grew on me. My fingers became dark brown in color, so that people thought I wore gloves all the time. In my home and on the streets I rolled cigarettes constantly. I even rolled them in my sleep. I rolled all the fuzz off the blankets and all the paper off the wall in the vicinity of my bed. Then the war broke out. I was shifted to Washington. Officers infested the city. Enlisted men were there in countless numbers. There were myriads of bluejackets and marines. There were British officers and French officers and Canadian officers and Italian officers and Belgian officers and Rumanian officers and Serbian officers and Japanese officers. Do you get the picture? All of us had to salute one another. Salute, salute, salute. Life was just one d—d salute after another.

Does it hit you? Does the vastness of the tragedy filter through your brain? Whenever I ventured out, cigarette paper half-filled with tobacco in my left hand, and the fingers of my right hand all curved for the rolling, the officers and enlisted men began to appear. They trickled around corners, they sprang up, apparently, from the very pavement. They came in ones and twos and fives and tens; in swarms and shoals, in flocks and coveys: privates, loots, ensigns, captains, commanders, majors, colonels, rear admirals, generals—the Lord knows what!

And I, trying to roll my cigarette—what agony! What a torment of Tantalus! Salute, salute, salute! Over and over again. No sooner would my right hand descend to the unfinished cigarette than another officer would appear. Salute once more! Salute eternally! Salute, salute, salute!

I tried walking on side streets, in the back washes of the city; but officers found me out and interfered with my rolling. I tried hiding behind trees, but officers popped up in front of me. It was impossible for me to smoke out of doors. I became morose and sullen. I refused to go out to lunch. Then I refused to go home for dinner. Finally I refused to go out at all. Then I began to fear that if I tried to roll a cigarette even in the privacy of my own home an officer would materialize before me, so that I would have to salute him.

I began to get people to roll cigarettes for me. I asked anyone—everyone. Then they took me here. Ha, ha! Ha, ha! That's what Washington did for me! . . . Please, *please* roll me a cigarette!

### The New Socialism

"DO you believe in taking the money away from the rich and giving it to the poor?"

"I certainly do. I believe that the ammunition workers and mechanics should be willing to divide up with the railroad presidents."



PERHAPS EVEN THE PROHIBITIONIST MIGHT BE OF SOME USE



"HEY, SCOTTY, PULL DOWN YOUR CLOTHES! YOU MAKE ME NERVOUS"





## FEDERAL CORD TIRES

### DOUBLE CABLE BASE

## Why Federal Cords?

**B**ECAUSE they mean highest tire efficiency. And highest tire efficiency means real motoring comfort. The *double layers* of loose cords insure exceptional flexibility. They make easy riding and save wear and tear. Impregnation of these double layers of loose cords with live rubber gives greatest resiliency and protects the tire carcass from the frictional heat of heavy service. This exceptional construction, with our exclusive double cable base features, makes Federal Cord non-skid tires an attractive proposition for any motorist.

In addition to our black tread Cord tire, we are manufacturers of the well-known "Rugged" white tread and "Traffik" black tread non-skid tires with Double Cable Base construction.

Ask your dealer.

**THE FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY  
OF ILLINOIS**

Factories: Cudahy, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes and Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Fibre Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods



### Going Some

DOCTOR: What? Troubled with sleeplessness? Eat something before going to bed.

PATIENT: Why, doctor, you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed.

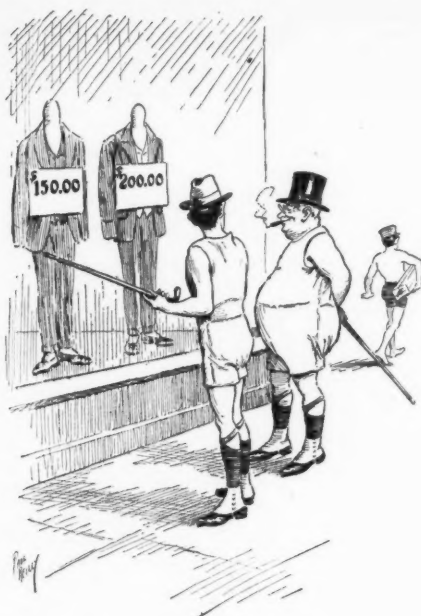
DOCTOR (with dignity): Pooh, pooh! That was last January. Science has made enormous strides since then.

—*Christian Register.*

### Stumped

"Now, Lieutenant Tompkins," said the general, "you have the battalion in quarter column, facing south—how would you get it into line, in the quickest possible way, facing northeast?"

"Well, sir," said the lieutenant, after a moment's fruitless consideration, "do you know, that's what I've often wondered."—*Transcript.*



### IF WOOL KEEPS RISING

"OH, BY THE WAY, REMEMBER WHEN WE USED TO WEAR THOSE?"

### A Fifty-fifty Irishman

In his book, "From Gallipoli to Bagdad" "Padre" William Ewing tells the story of a burly Irishman brought into the field-hospital suffering from many wounds.

"What are you?" asked the doctor.

"Sure, I'm half an Irishman."

"And what's the other half?"

"Holes and bandages."

—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

### Meant Himself

A well-known Englishman was calling on an editor, when he rose abruptly and said: "But I must not further occupy the time of a busy man."

"Not at all," exclaimed the editor; "I am always pleased."

"Oh, I was referring to myself," was the placid rejoinder.—*Transcript.*

PRIVATE SIMPLE: I've got a dandy idea—a machine-gun that can shoot a thousand rounds a minute.

CORPORAL BRIGHTGUY: What good would it be? As soon as the Germans captured one they'd build a million like it.

PRIVATE SIMPLE: No, they couldn't. I'd get it patented.—*Tit-Bits.*

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America's Premier Watering Place

# RACING AT SARATOGA

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1st TO SATURDAY, AUGUST 31st (Inclusive)

SIX RACES EVERY WEEK DAY, RAIN OR SHINE

Thursday, August 1st  
**SARATOGA HANDICAP**  
For Three Year Olds and Up. 1 1/4 Miles.

Wednesday, August 14th  
**THE SANFORD MEMORIAL**  
For Two Year Olds. 6 Furlongs.

Saturday, August 24th  
**GRAND UNION HOTEL STAKES**  
For Two Year Olds. 6 Furlongs.

Saturday, August 3rd  
**UNITED STATES HOTEL STAKES**  
For Two Year Olds. 3/4 Mile.

Saturday, August 17th  
**THE SPINAWAY STAKES**  
For Two Year Old Fillies. 5 1/2 Furlongs.

Saturday, August 31st  
**THE HOPEFUL STAKES**  
For Two Year Olds. 6 Furlongs.

Saturday, August 10th  
**SARATOGA SPECIAL**  
For Two Year Olds. 6 Furlongs.

Saturday, August 17th  
**THE TRAVERS STAKES**  
For Three Year Olds. 1 1/4 Miles.

Saturday, August 31st  
**SARATOGA CUP**  
For Three Year Olds and Up. 1 3/4 Miles.

THE SARATOGA ASSOCIATION  
for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses

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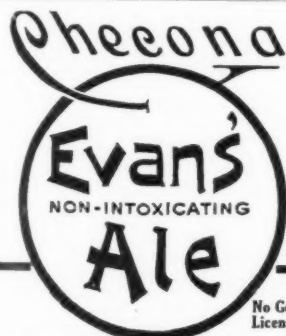
"ROUGHLY SPEAKING"

### The Healthy Kaiser

Film and myth maker Karl Rosner sees his Kaiser "in radiant health, bronzed and bright-eyed."

Does this everlasting pose and prattle of the Kaiser nag a little the nerves of "honest Michael"? What a picture this health and radiance of the Kaiser make! By his act, as truly as if by his hand, millions of men are dead. Thousands are blind. Whole races have been almost exterminated after cruel suffering. Starvation is the normal lot of millions. Plagues, typhuses, a legion of diseases, have raged over the world. Multitudes of little children droop and die for want of the scantiest foods and remedies. Even in his own empire robust health has faded from the crowd. Europe and Asia are sick. The world is a hospital and a graveyard. And this poor strutting cabotin of a Kaiser is healthy as a horse and merry as a cricket.

So Death is healthy, slaying but unslain.—*New York Times*.



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Sift the powder from the hinged-top can

Just being a powder doesn't get a shaving soap anywhere. It's the quality that counts.

That is where experience in shaving soap making comes in. Williams' Shaving Soap is a Powder, Stick, Cream, or Liquid, as you choose. But what brings men back for more of the form they like is the lather—the abundant, softening, soothing lather. That made Williams' Shaving Soap famous long before powder was thought of.

Williams' Shaving Powder gives you a flying start on the shave. But it's the unequalled lather that carries you through and leaves you cheerful and refreshed at the finish.

**Williams' Shaving Soap needs no military training. It is ready for service anywhere—the same efficient service it gives at home.**

Send 20c. in stamps for trial sizes of the four forms shown here. Or send 6c. in stamps for any one.

**The J. B. WILLIAMS CO.**  
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.  
After the shave you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc. Send 4c. for a trial size of the Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.



### A Crying Need in Germany

THE German government has recently introduced a new substitute for tobacco made from a weed. Its use has been disastrous, large numbers of German soldiers having been made ill by it.

Any attempt to find a substitute for tobacco shows the desperate straits of the Huns. They have tried substitutes for about everything else, and this is the last one.

There is, however, still one more substitute possible for the German staff, and we advise them to lose no time in introducing it. It is a substitute for murder. The Germans need that substitute more than they do food or tobacco.

THE YOUTH: When we were torpedoed I swam about for two hours before being picked up.

THE MAIDEN: Oh, how jolly! I love swimming.—*London Opinion*.



## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### What Lo Was Fighting For

John H. Mosier, attorney and oil man of Muskogee, Okla., was in Kansas City recently with a new Indian story. An Indian soldier, home on a furlough, was walking down the main street at Muskogee, when a white man who knew him stopped him and said:

"Well, John, I see you have become a soldier."

"Yes, me soldier," replied the Indian.

"How do you like being a soldier, John?"

"No like-um."

"What's the matter?"

"Too much salute—not enough shoot."

"Of course you know what you are fighting for, John?"

"Yes, me know," answered the Indian.

"Well, what are you fighting for, John?"

"Make whole damn world Democratic party," answered the Indian.

—Kansas City Journal.

### Literal

EDITOR: How's the new society reporter? I told him to condense as much as possible.

ASSISTANT: He did. Here's his account of yesterday's afternoon tea: "Mrs. Lovely poured, Mrs. Jabber roared, Mrs. Duller bored, Mrs. Rasping gored, and Mrs. Embonpoint snored."

—Detroit Times.

### An Indoor Enthusiast

"I'm so glad to see good golf weather at hand!" said young Mrs. Torkins.

"I didn't know you cared for the game."

"I don't. But I'll be glad to have Charlie out playing the game instead of staying home talking about it."

—Washington Star.



### Too Bad He Couldn't March

United States Senator Howard Sutherland, of West Virginia, tells a story about a mountain youth who visited a recruiting office in the senator's state for the purpose of enlisting in the regular army. The examining physician found the young man as sound as a dollar, but that he had flat feet.

"I'm sorry," said the physician, "but I'll have to turn you down. You've got flat feet."

The mountaineer looked sorrowful. "No way for me to git in it, then?" he inquired.

"I guess not. With those flat feet of yours you wouldn't be able to march even five miles."

The youth from the mountains studied a moment. Finally he said: "I'll tell you why I hate this so darned bad. You see, I walked nigh on to one hundred and fifteen miles over the mountains to git here, and gosh, how I hate to walk back!" —Everybody's Magazine.

### From the Barnyard

FIRST ROOSTER: What's the matter with Mrs. Brahma?

SECOND DITTO: Shell shock. Ducks came out of the eggs she was setting on. —Transcript.

PSATTICHUS II showed that he was a wise monarch by the means he used to put an end to the weekly squabbles with his favorite wife, the lovely Hatusab. These quarrels occurred every Tuesday morning, and were caused by the desire of each of them to have the first look at LIFE. Psattichus solved the problem by subscribing to two copies instead of one.

### Of Course It Was

"Can any pupil tell where the Declaration of Independence was signed?" asked the teacher of the history class.

"Yes'm, I can," called little Johnnie Baker. "It was signed at the bottom."

—Ladies' Home Journal.



"MY HEART IS WITH MY MASTER, BUT MY DUTY LIES WITH YOU"

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Absolutely Removes  
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proves it. 25¢ at all druggists

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Get an O-B Military Ring—embossed with the fighting eagle of the U. S. A. and the emblem of your branch of the Service. Have it engraved with your name, company and regimental designation, and your home address—a perfect identification. And to the mother, wife, sweetheart—send duplicates of your own ring in Ladies' sizes.

Now remember, these are O-B Rings—not ordinary rings, but beautifully designed and made, full, plump quality. The kind of ring you can be proud to own.

Military Service Rings	{ Sterling Silver, \$2.50 each
	{ Solid Gold, \$13.50 each
Ladies' Service Rings	{ Sterling Silver, \$1.75 each
	{ Solid Gold, \$6.00 each
Military-Emblem Rings	{ Masonic, Elks, K. of C., Moose, \$2.50 each
Officers' Rings	{ Each bearing the officers' emblem and the emblem of his branch of the Service—10K Solid Gold \$16.50 each

Ask to see the O-B Service Brooches and Service Pins—beautiful keepsakes to send back home

If your Camp Exchange or Jeweler cannot show you the O-B Military Rings and Patriotic Jewelry—send us your name, camp or fort address, rank, company and regimental numbers and ring size direct. Write for booklet, "O-B in Camp and at the Front"

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And these are the things that bring Hollenden guests back, again and again.

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With Twin Beds,  
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Suites  
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**Rock**





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**Radiolite**  
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**THIS** is the stylish small size watch, a jeweled movement encased in solid nickel.

It is staunchly constructed on the soundest principles of watch making.

Real Radium makes the substance on the hands and figures glow the time in the dark. The luminosity is guaranteed for the life of the watch.

The Waterbury Radiolite sells for \$5.00. In a high-grade English pigskin wrist strap it sells for \$6.00.

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### An Address to the Kaiser

These six things doth the Lord hate: yea, seven are an abomination unto him: A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood.

An heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief.

A false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren. —Proverbs vi, 16-19.

—The Kansas City Star.

### Books Received

#### Fiction

*The Time Spirit*, by J. C. Snaith. (D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.) A romantic social comedy of pre-war days in England.

*The Unpardonable Sin*, by Rupert Hughes. (Harper & Brothers, \$1.50.) A dramatization of the ruin of Belgium in the story of an American girl in search of her mother and sister.

*The Point of View*, by M. G. D. Bianchi. (Duffield & Co., \$1.50.) A novel dealing with the humanizing effect of the war in terms of two futile persons who tried to rationalize the New England conscience.

*Paulownia*. Translated by Torao Takekoto. With a foreword by John Erskine. (Duffield & Co., \$1.25.) A unique collection of seven Japanese stories and sketches from three contemporary writers of distinction.

*The Smiting of the Rock*, by Palmer Bend. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50.) An adventurous story of life and character in the unsettled region of Oregon.

*Mimi*, by J. U. Giesy. (Harper & Brothers, 75 cents.) A war-time love story staged in the student quarter of Paris.

#### History and Biography

*President Wilson's State Papers and Addresses*. With an introduction by Albert Shaw. (George H. Doran Company, \$2.) A compact volume of the President's official utterances and other contributions to political thought.

*The Real Colonel House*, by Arthur D. Howden Smith. (George H. Doran Company, \$1.50.) A portrait of Colonel House and an account of his work in American politics and international diplomacy, with a sidelight on President Wilson and his policies.

*Rasputin and the Russian Revolution*, by Princess Catherine Radziwill. (John Lane Company, \$3.) The story of Rasputin and the revolutionary drama as recounted behind the scenes.

*Feodor Vladimir Larrovitch*. Edited by William George Jordan and Richardson Wright. (The Authors' Club, New York, \$2.) Chapters on the life and work of Larrovitch, originally read at the Authors' Club centenary of his birth.

#### The War

*My Four Weeks in France*, by Ring W. Lardner. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, \$1.25.) The laughable adventures of a baseball reporter on a trip to Paris and the fighting front.

*Mobilizing Woman-Power*, by Harriot Stanton Blatch. Foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. (The Woman's Press, New York, \$1.25.) A summary of the war for American women and an account of women's war-work in England, France and Germany.

*A Nation at Bay*, by Sergeant Ruth S. Farnam. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, \$1.50.) The war experiences of an American woman who volunteered for active service in Serbia.

*German Plans for the Next War*, by J. B. W. Gardiner. (Doubleday, Page &

### How to remove hair in 5 minutes



Pour only enough powder into the bowl for immediate use. Add a little water.



Work the depilatory and water into a smooth, thick paste with the horn spoon.



Spread the paste evenly and thickly over the hair. Leave it on a few moments.

Then wash it off and apply Evans's Soothing Cream. Your druggist sells this too. The skin stays hair-free and velvety smooth for a long time.

At drug or department stores or send 75c. with the order direct to George B Evans 1108 Chestnut Street Philadelphia.



Co., \$1.) A brief account of German imperialistic aims and ambitions.

*The World Peace and After*, by Carl H. Grabo. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.) An essay on the new international ideals of industrial and political democracy.

*The Structure of Lasting Peace*, by H. M. Kallen. (Marshall Jones Company, \$1.25.) A pragmatic thesis for a democratic commonwealth of nations.

*Draft Convention for League of Nations*, by a Group of American Jurists and Publicists. Description and comment by Theodore Marburg. (The Macmillan Company, 25 cents.) The edited text of a tentative Draft Convention framed on the prospectus of the League to Enforce Peace.

**THE** long-range German gun didn't do much towards bringing the war to an end when it landed its projectiles in a Paris church. If someone could only shoot about ten thousand annual subscriptions to LIFE into the German people this might end the Hohenzollerns and the war at the same time.

### Rely On Cuticura For Skin Troubles

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

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# The Diary of a Nation

War Editorials from LIFE  
By EDWARD S. MARTIN

*What the Reviewers say about it:*

From the *Boston Transcript*:

An American product is LIFE, just as *Punch* is a fruit of Great Britain's national existence. It has assumed a semi-political rank during the last three years through its Yankee freedom of critical, sometimes caustic, speech when reflecting upon our part, or former lack of part in the war. Mr. Martin has come near to being the James Russell Lowell of the day, in his frequent comments on the conflict in its many kaleidoscopic variations, comments that have stood pat with the sensations and sympathies of thousands of staunch Americans. He has been the able mouthpiece of a multitude.

One of the best of the selections in "The Diary of a Nation" is that on England's bulldog grip, "Hold On, John Bull!" a three page compressed statement of all the best instincts of our kinship with Great Britain.

From the *New York Evening Post*:

A sort of literary motion-picture—a progressive portrayal of the development of American sentiment in response to the development of the conflict.

From the *Philadelphia Inquirer*:

This is one of the few war books to be kept for all time.

From the *London Spectator*:

These articles from New York LIFE stand for a type of editorial comment for which there is no parallel in British

journalism—unconventional, colloquial, but trenchant and often intensely serious, though appearing in what is nominally a comic paper. . . . There is hardly a page that does not invite quotation.

From the *Boston Herald*:

Neither pacifist nor jingo, Mr. Martin has sanely summed up the war from week to week. Those who do not agree with him in this or that pronouncement will at least grant that he does not "slop over." His leaders on developments of the war from the first German rush into Belgium to the time of this country's entry as a belligerent are pointed expression of representative American opinion.

From the *Grand Rapids Press*:

It does not matter so much that Mr. Martin is an editor of the widely-known humorous weekly called LIFE. It matters a great deal that he is the sanest, least prejudiced and frankest of the country's editorial writers. These qualities, tempered with a kindly, whimsical humor and a fine sense of proportion, have made "The Diary of a Nation" something that we like to regard as typically American. It is really the story of the great war and how we got into it as shown by extracts from the editorial page of LIFE during the last three years. It is a worthwhile book.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, \$1.50.

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